

The Ladies'
PHILOSOPHY OF LOVE.

A POEM,
In four Cantos.

W R I T T E N I N 1 7 7 4.

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NOW FIRST PUBLISHED—ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS.



LEOMINSTER, MASS.
PRINTED BY JOHN PRENTISS, & Co. FOR THE AUTHOR.

1797.

46.
12. 10.
670.



P R E F A C E.

THE nature and design of the following POEM will best appear by declaring its origin. When the Author was quite young, conversing with a lady of his own age, she observed, That nothing could be more useful to young Ladies than to know precisely the sentiments of the young Gentlemen concerning them. The idea strongly possessed the Author's imagination, and in a few days he sent to the Lady the following POEM—expressing his own ideas, and those of his associates—with the candid sentiments of a friend, who had no object in writing but the Lady's happiness. It happened to be well received.

NOW it is a certain fact, that neither the penalties of law, nor ecclesiastical censures, have prevented ill conduct between the sexes in early life—nor the scheme of some to keep them in ignorance of love-matters. Invincible curiosity will forever render the last of no effect—except that curiosity will be perverted by the silly Novels, which make a part of circulating libraries. But in all places where the education of young Ladies has been attended to properly, debauchery has vanished before learning like fog before the ascending Sun. From this fact the conclusion seems reasonable that a true

and philosophical idea of the passion of LOVE—and of the rights of women—and not IGNORANCE, is the cause of proper behavior in women. This little POEM attempts to shew the natural principle of LOVE—the moral qualities by which it is excited—the accomplishments of women as amiable objects—the means by which they keep men's affections—with the methods by which they may escape danger, and make LOVE a benefit to themselves and the public.

WHEN the POEM was first written, the Author was in his 22d year, and under no obligations to any of the fair but mere good will.—Since that time he has been—a lover—a husband—a father of a numerous family—a pastor—a preceptor for many years to youth of both sexes. His experience has not disproved but confirmed his principles. Therefore he proposes to offer the POEM to the PUBLIC, with the addition of a few verses and some explanatory notes—not even retrenching the juvenilities of it, which may make it take the more with young people, to whom he is persuaded it can do no harm, and may do some good.

THE LADIES'
PHILOSOPHY OF LOVE.

Canto I.

THE SUBJECT PROPOSED AND INTRODUCED, WITH AN
ENUMERATION OF THE MORAL QUALITIES
WHICH RENDER WOMEN AMIABLE
TO THE OTHER SEX.

I SING the Maiden's powerful art to move,
In souls of worthy swains, resistless love.
How best the wily traitor to repel;
And high in female honor to excel.

ALL-CONQUERING Love, inspire my youthful
song,
And with thee bring sweet Chastity along;
Winning, by coyness, unconstrained applause;
And blushing at th' intense respect she draws.

R

Far hence be every base, lascivious art :
All but the dictates of the honest heart.

BUT come, ye gentle nymphs, & swains, whose souls
The power of virtuous tenderness controls :
Within whose spotless hearts, the generous fire
Lives, but to bless the object of desire.—
I sing how nature's beauties to adorn,
To pluck the Rose of Love, and leave its Thorn—

IF thou require, AMANDA,* can the muse
Her various store of harmony refuse ?
The sweet instruction, generous maid, attend ;
Nor dare the muse despise, or muse's friend.
While envy spares the laurel of thy praise,
Hence swains enraptured shall, insatiate, gaze.
From all thine actions decency shall flow ;
And every charm with brighter lustre glow.

ALL in Heaven, Earth, or Sea, that rests, or rolls,
Attraction's active magic power controls :
All powerful SYMPATHY † thro Chaos ran,
When order from confusion first began.

* A Lady of the author's acquaintance.

† PYTHAGORAS accounted for all natural effects, on the principles of sympathy and antipathy. Sir ISAAC NEWTON adopted a part of this theory, which related to material substances, and called the opposite principles, attraction and repulsion—Circ-

Atoms to sympathizing atoms move;
 The great directing power of all was Love.—
 Hence rose the orbs of fair celestial light,
 The rich apparel of majestic Night.
 Phœbus, attractive, holds the mighty frame;
 And warms each planet, with his genial flame.
 Maternal Earth her bosom fair displays,
 Prompt to imbibe the Sun's prolific rays;
 Hence all the verdant beauties of the fields;
 With all the balmy treasures autumn yields.

CREATIVE power alike resistless reigns
 On earth, in air, in ocean's liquid plains;
 Hence all the scaly armies of the seas;
 Hence all the music of the vernal trees;
 Nations in wealth from milky droves increase,
 And from the various honors of the fleece.

ALL nature's forces in gradation rise,
 Ascending to the power who rules the skies,
 The casual flame of animals, refined
 To constant Love, delights all human kind.
 Hence man with godlike powers of reason blest,
 And Woman of God's earthly works the best—
 And, but for this, the world itself might roll
 An useless orb, nor feed one living soul.

EROTIC and ERASMUS call the two opposite original principles
 of nature, friendship, and enmity.

NATURE, unwearied patron of our race,
 Unites a joyous sense with human grace.
 Hence when the boy has fifteen summers known,
 And on his cheek appears the springing down,
 A gentle fever thrills along his veins;
 Quick beats his heart, he wonders what it means.
 Why maiden beauties brilliant tho'ts inspire.
 Why KITTY's modest looks his bosom fire.
 But scarce the maid to thirteen summers lives;
 Ere with soft joys her ripening bosom heaves,
 The brilliant moisture sparkles from her eyes,
 And o'er her cheek the bloomy colours rise,
 Tutored to nice reserve's ill practised laws,
 From the warm grasp, her glowing hand she draws;
 The lovely boy, yet fearing to offend;
 She artful, yields in turn, her trembling hand.
 Now she allows, and then denies the kiss;
 She fears, hopes, dreads, yet loves, th' uncertain
 shades of bliss,

BUT not in all the progress is the same,
 Some youths, till twenty scarce discern the flame.
 Or why her Strephon's heart with rapture springs
 When of the "*Myrtle Grove*," CHRISTINA sings.—
 Till eighteen summers, scarce some maidens know,
 That lovers' absence is their keenest woe:
 Or why, in melting strains, young NELLY mourns;
 When SANDIE thro the wood, no more returns.—

WHEN first th' impetuous tide of rapture flows,
 No cause, the simple youth, or maiden, knows ;
 But well-made shape, or lovely-blooming cheek,
 Bright eyes, fair teeth, or dimple soft and sleek.
 Eager he drinks her breath, so sweet, so fine ;
 Like food on which celestial spirits dine.—
 The heavenly bright assemblage of her charms,
 He deems predestined to a lover's arms.—
 Her hand, warm-grasped his bashful love explains,
 While hope, and fear, alternate, thrill his veins.

BUT when the gale of infant Love subsides,
 In less impetuous course the passion glides.
 Imperial reason then inserts her claim,
 And interest oft assumes the blissful name.
 The shape, the face, let infant lovers praise ;
 More lasting charms the ripened passion raise ;
 Blest education then her power exerts ;
 And smooth politeness wins congenial hearts.
 Hence wit, with pointed dart, ensures the wound,
 Where all the shafts of beauty vain were found :
 Hence soft good-temper coldest hearts assails ;
 And rarely, of her conquest, virtue fails.

LEARN gentle nymph, tho on thy cheek, the rose,
 Or lily, on thy neck, unrivalled blows ;

Tho fav'ring Venus, at thy birth, might dip,
 In her ambrosial font, thy balmy lip:
 Tho lustre, fairer, sparkle in thine eyes,
 Than which adorns the brightest evening skies,
 Yet not the still-life picture can disarm
 The judgment, or give prudence the alarm.
 'Tis feeble still, when what the face has won,
 By foolish airs, and chit-chat, is undone.

TO fix the heart no coquetry avails;
 And learning at the handsome ideot rails:
 But wit assails the pedantry of schools,
 Makes deep philosophers forget their rules:
 Good-nature kindles ev'n the stoics heart;
 And virtue triumphs over pride and art.
 Yet, in the train of virtues, 'tis confess'd,
 Kind temper most becomes the virgin's breast.
 Compassion gives her charms the sweetest glow,
 Her eyes shine softest, when in tears they flow.

O COULD the muse the secret power reveal,
 Which virtuous bosoms of like temper feel!
 Ere yet the eye on separate charms has hung,
 Or one heart touching accent 'scaped the tongue.
 Strange sympathy! when first, within my view
 * LUCINDA came, her very soul I knew;

* Fictitious name of a lady who soon after became
 very interesting to the Author.

Then did my throbbing heart her worth proclaim;
Nor did my heart outvie her spotless fame.

SOONER, the maiden, sympathy affects,
Than our less sprightly, more unfeeling sex.
Our wants, or worth, her inward feeling tells;
Virtue her soul attracts, and vice repels.
Forever blest the maid, who wins the prize,
The heart which, with her own, doth sympathize.
Thus great * CONFUCIUS once in vision saw
The grand primeval source of nature's law:
In Heaven's high court the method saw displayed,
By which, all sympathetic hearts are made.
There he beheld the architect divine
First form a man, and then the mould refine;
Made soft, and polished, to a woman's face,
And woman's shape, with beauty's sweetest grace.
From him the idol forms, unwilling, go
To seek a dwelling in the world below.—
In this high process of the heavenly trade,
A male and female he alternate made.
Then, when he saw complete the kindred soul,
From heaven's high altar, took a living coal,
And parted it in two. One piece he placed
Within the Man's, one in the Woman's breast,
With separate blessings, then, he bade them go,

* A celebrated Chinese moralist and philosopher.

And seek each other, in the world below.
 Thus they, whose souls the kindred fire retain,
 Find gentle warmth pervade each trembling vein,
 Whene'er they meet, it kindles in their eyes,
 And o'er their cheeks the fervent blushes rise.
 They speak, they love. Still does the flame remain,
 And gently moulds them into pairs again,
 'Twas then established in the courts above,
 "The cause of marriage should be MUTUAL LOVE."
 Whoe'er the law of Heaven perversely flights,
 Curst are his days, and doubly curst his nights;
 And they must dread the angry hand of fate,
 Who force their children to a match they hate.
 This shows (tho antiquaries leave us dark)
 Why we should call an amorous mate OUR SPARK.
 When smooth politeness hath the taste refined,
 And education tempered well the mind,
 She, whom the power of virtue soon assails,
 O'er virtue's self most powerfully prevails.
 'Tis for the praise, which all must own his due,
 The sun of merit rises to the view.
 Hence no cold female, whom the brightest charm
 Of merit's self, could never, never, warm;
 Gained generous souls, by unimpassioned art,
 Or fixed in heroes breasts the amorous dart.
 The soul, which does with generous ardor burn,

Demands, at least, affection in return.
 Faint, dull caresses all are tasteless found,
 Cold Zembla's snows, nor flowers nor fruits have crowned,
 The girl who sells her beauty, shame enrolls,
 And loveless brides but prostitute their souls.

MISTAKING bards, who lived in antient
 days,

Robbed heavenly chastity of half her praise,
 DIANA, chaste, rejects the worthy swain;
 As void of passion as the winter's rain.—
 MINERVA hates the Gods who yield to love,
 And scarce can own her amorous father Jove,
 Yet sacred chastity was not designed,
 In hopeless slavery, to enthrall the mind;
 But help, o'er love, imperial reason's sway,
 And heighten every charm by sweet delay.

BY sweet DELAY—for never sprightly chace,
 Would youthful nerves with new born vigor brace.
 No courts would hear with joy the hounds and
 horn;
 Nor band with clarion loud prevent the morn;—
 If round our mangers flock the lazy deer;
 Or huntsmen trample on the sluggish hare.
 Cheapness offends—Hence, on the harlot's lip,
 Her coarse gallants no thrilling pleasures sip.
 From CLORA's eyes delights extatic flow.

Not these—the blunt ROMPETTA can bestow.
 Yet never will a prudent damsel starve
 A rising passion, by too nice reserve.
 That love may live by little food, is true;
 That precious little, is a suitor's due.—
 Wouldst thou an ardent, generous lover see,
 By years of soft attachment bound to thee.
 Know then, 'tis gentle pleasure chains the heart,
 Sweet harmless pleasures then thou may'st impart.
 Prudence, at Virtue's temple yet may stand,
 And still preserve thy perfect self command.—
 Wouldst thou, thy hero, sweet AMANDA, lead
 Thro paths of virtue, to the blameless bed;
 If prattling infants thine ambition fire,
 Lispering delicious names of ma'am and fire;
 With graceful ease thou yield, and not amiss,
 The transient sip of unpolluted bliss;
 The sign by JUDAS, and his race abused;
 Yet still by many honest Christians used;
 Or dare the pressure of the glowing hand,
 While thy fond eyes love's sweetest graces blend;
 Soft on the twining arm if thou recline;
 Or can'st endure a generous cheek with thine.
 Whate'er of lovely wit, alluring smiles,
 Or heartfelt whispers lingering time beguiles;
 Sweet conversation, song, or joyous play;

When dusky eve excels the brightest day;
 Yet slow, and cautious, yield thy golden charms;
 Nor rush, too boldly, to a lover's arms.
 The vague condition of a maid is such,
 She better yields too little, than too much.

THAT Glorious Power who framed the bound,
 lefs skies.

Who was, and is, and ever shall be, wise;
 Whose searching eyes pervade this earthly ball,
 Beholding all things, and directing all;
 Hath fixed the laws of love, who follow these
 Shall meet success, and nature's Lord shall please.
 Nor ever shall those foolish counsels stand,
 Who dare to stray from these, on either hand.

Nature maintains an unresisted sway—
 Her wisest dictates prudent maids obey.
 For finest art offends the conscious mind;
 When art is more than nature's self, refined.
 She, who in action, or in speech belies,
 Bluntly, the sparkling language of her eyes;
 By swains of taste is silly deemed, and rude;
 And meets the doom of an affected prude,
 Consigned, neglected, whether young or old,
 O'er lonesome fires to brave December's cold.
 No maid of sense will decent freedom shun,

Nor without courtship let her charms be won;
 That kills the newborn passion e'er it rise;
 This, too obtruding, lovers will despise.—
 She in the blissful enterprize succeeds,
 Who follows, modest, while her hero leads.

FAIR modesty, thou life of every charm
 Which can indifference' frozen power, disarm!
 That decent mien, which reason must approve,
 Might bearded hermits wake to social Love.
 Bright modesty, the heavens propitious view;
 And yield their sure protection, as its due.
 Sage modesty hath seldom cause to fear
 The banditt fierce, or lawless buccaneer;
 Can soothe the prowling lion's hungry rage;
 Can wrath of bears, and tygers fierce, assuage;
 She travels safe the unfrequented shades;
 Nor of grim ghosts or demons is afraid.
 The power of modesty, the antients tell,
 Disarms the most malicious powers of hell.*

* The representation of antient authors that neither lions, bears, tygers, nor any furious beast, will ever injure a truly modest woman—and that evil spirits are afraid of chaste ladies—are not to be considered as mere fables but thus to be understood—That no man, let his disposition be ever so mischievous, even like that of a beast or devil, has impudence enough, to attempt any unbecoming behavior with a woman, if he be decided

BUT when the will, to vicious deeds resigned,
 Pours dire pollution over all the mind.
 By sinful stains, the soul imbruted grows,
 Till she her first, unspotted being, lose.
 The precipice of vice she glides adown ;
 And sure perdition marks her for his own.

'Tis not enough to have a shape, a face,
 Adorned with every fine corporeal grace :
 Tho greater beauties should to thee belong,
 Than VENUS dared assume in antient song ;
 The faultless form is dead without a soul ;
 Spirit divine must animate the whole.
 Wouldst thou engage the Lover, let him find,
 In thee—improved, an honest, steady mind ;
 From lowlived craft, and boisterous passion free,
 Good sense, with tenderness, should reign in thee.
 Laugh not at trifles, nor at trifles grieve,
 But feel just pain, or worthy joys receive.

That best of characters will always please,
 Which joins good-sense with innocence, and ease.

in his opinion that it will be disagreeable to her—A man
 always attempts improper liberties with a woman, not because he
 loves her, but because he has a mean opinion of her.

But affectation breaks the shaft of wit,
 The biter, by her repartee, is bit.
 On him you love ne'er turn your ridicule;
 Nor make your suitor feel himself a fool.
 In woman's heart, when lust of satire burns,
 The angel to a hissing serpent turns.
 Majestic virtue ever is allied
 To sense of dignity, and honest pride.
 He who submits, with coward heart, to scorn,
 Is, or a fool, or tyrant, bred and born.
 * The hymeneal banners once displayed,
 The debt shall be, with double interest, paid.
 Let wit with follies pleasantly engage;
 Or mark the crimes of a licentious age;
 Or like the maid, the royal poet sung,
 The law of kindness dwell upon thy tongue.

NOR affectation less the maid becomes,
 Than everlasting sullenness and glooms.
 What swain admires grim midnight's horrid form?
 Who spreads his arms to meet a frowning storm?
 When melancholy, vaporish lovers wed,
 Their bridal chamber be the cypress shade.

* It is a very absurd practice of some ladies designedly to impose on their lovers to try their spirit—a slavish lover is almost in every instance an indifferent or tyrannical husband.

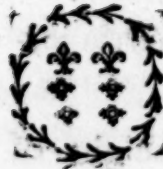
Nigh their retreat let no fair laurel bloom;
 But all around be deep funereal gloom.
 In gloomy hearts dwells rancor, envy, spite,
 And all such horrid things as hate the fight—
 A cheerful mind the soul of man approves,
 And VENUS dwells among the laughing loves.

ALL swains abhor the fretful, whining strain,
 Of nymphs, whose only joy is to complain.
 Ah little deem they, while they sing, or say,
 The most unhappy of all beings they.—
 No spouse will dare associate with their grief;
 The self-tormentor never finds relief;
 Pure mind, affections soft, and temper even,
 Prepare a soul for marriage, or for Heaven.

TO reach the height of dignity and love,
 Let every virtue thine attention move.—
 Whatever bright accomplishment, or grace,
 Adorns the mind or animates the face;
 All which can give thee elegance, or ease,
 Enhance thy merit, or thy power to please;—
 Let nothing be neglected, all combine
 To give thy beauty energy divine.*

* Agreeably to this enumeration—the moral qualities
 which render women amiable in the view of men, are good

temper, kindness, sensibility, discernment of merit, chastity, complaisance with discretion, modesty, genius, spirit, ease of manners, with innocence of heart ; prudence in language, sprightliness, and a disposition to contentment—These are all, except genius, attainable qualities ; and a lady of common sense and not naturally deformed may render herself agreeable by them,



(02)

THE LADIES'
PHILOSOPHY OF LOVE.

Canto II,

OF WOMEN'S PERSONAL AND EXTERNAL ACCOMPLISH-
MENTS.

THO nature's lavish beauties thee adorn,
Fair as the star, which leads the rosy morn;
Mere beauty never will engage the heart,
Without the just informing power of art:
Despise not then, the wisdom of the schools,
But plan thy life by sage and equal rules.

LEARN well to scan the heaven-inspired page,
Which gathers science from each passing age.
Know those great Bards, which every clime has
known;

And learning's richest jewels make thine own.
Learn from grave HOMER, midst his thundering arms,
The fate of Troy; and HELEN's vicious charms;
Observe in faithful, sweet PENELOPE,

What now thou art, and what thou still must be.
 Know GREGORY'S, ADDISON'S, and MILTON'S page;
 With POPE, and THOMPSON the poetic sage.
 Be grave with TASSO ; or with HORACE play ;
 And all the flower of morals learn from GAY.
 Converse with CYRUS, MARO, SOCRATES.
 Happy the girl who knows such friends as these.
 * Free from impatience, and with happy choice,
 Learn the just modulation of thy voice.
 Clear, sweet, distinct, let all thine accents sound ;
 Repaid by mute attention all around.
 Not mixt thy words, confounded like the gabble,
 Among the riotous architects of *Babel* ;
 Not lisping, whispering, or with shrilling scream,
 Nor faint, like accents muttered in a dream.
 Various and true thine elocution be ;
 That swains may often wish to hear from thee.
 Long bends the ear, and never deems it long,
 To thy sweet converse, like an angel's song.

THEN should thy pen thy varied thoughts express,
 In all the simple elegance of dress.
 Set clear and ready to the reader's eye,
 Expressions bright as stars which deck the sky.

* There is scarcely any part of instruction in which
 ladies are more apt to lose patience than in the correcting of
 their pronunciation.

Rich be thy varied stile, yet neat and clean ;
 Like friends conversing in the social scene.
 That they, who read thy lines, may think they hear
 Thy verbal accents chanting on the ear.

THE power of music thou must not disdain ;
 Which changes barbarous savages to men.
 Sweet is the music of the vernal spray ;
 And glads the swain who rises with the day.
 But faint the liveliest notes without design,
 To those soft strains where sense and sweetness join,
 Chaste songs, expressive of a tender heart,
 May melting thro'ts to noblest souls impart.
 Song brightens scenes of joy, and softens grief ;
 Song often gives despairing souls relief :
 Song can the virtues of the heart improve ;
 And give a sample of the bliss above.
 Acquire with these a noble gait and mien ;
 As bards describe the airs of beauty's queen :
 How JUNO moves thro' heaven's sublime abodes,
 And draws respect from all the wondering Gods,
 Learn dextrous to retire, and to advance,
 In all the mazes of the figured dance,
 Enter the social scene with modest grace ;
 Withdraw with looks composed, and decent pace.

Be purest language flowing from thy tongue :
 No word obscene be either said or sung :

No uncouth phrase, no term that's base and low,
 From beauty's lovely lips should ever flow.
 The passions vile, imprinted on thy face,
 Rob thee of every charm, of every grace.
 Expressive features inwrought worth declare—
 If thou be wise and good, thou must be fair.
 Nor deem, like witless maids, thy beauty given;
 That gift too-valued of indulgent heaven,
 That thou mightst trifle with a lover's sighs,
 And o'er a servile train shouldst tyrannize.
 Insult not proudly, to infix the dart
 Of beauty in a trembling, bleeding heart.
 Fret not with pride the soul which owns thy power,
 Lest it desert thee in an evil hour.
 Beauty was made to bless a Lover's arms;
 Undoubted merit well deserves thy charms.
 The swain, who cannot claim thee, should be free,
 T' enjoy the charms he values less than thee.
 Good breeding then thy converse must display,
 Send uncouth pride and haughtiness away.
 Be kindest views in strictest virtue found:
 Like heaven delight in blessing all around.

NOT in the beauties of the mind alone,
 In points minute, is female merit shown.
 Neatness with virtue must our bosoms fire;
 Who thinks to find an angel in the mire?

What shepherd will in soothing kisses sport,
 If, at each sip, his lips be filled with dirt?
 If swains, by goddesses, fair PELUSIA mean,
 They only see the goddesses when she's clean;
 When, on some visit gay, she takes the air,
 Her toilette—Heavens! no cleanness enters there.

AS tenfold bright the polished diamond shines,
 Thus neatness beauty's loveliest charm refines,
 Let, thro' the ruby lip, the mouth disclose
 The ivory teeth, well set in decent rows.
 If thou wouldst have those decent rows be seen,
 Attentive keep the polished ivory clean:
 So thy sweet lip thy swain may better please,
 Than all th' ambrosial store of Hybla's bees;
 Thy breath be with a richer fragrance blest,
 Than all the treasures of the spicy east.
 But this good precept if thou shouldst neglect,
 And treat the warning muse with disrespect;
 When haughty youths thy careless ease resent,
 Unhappy maid, too late thou mayst repent.

THE maid, who just decorum has at will,
 Is still engaging in her dishabille.
 She mildewed garments banishes away;
 Nor ought offensive near herself shall stay.

Whatever be her dress, or fine, or plain,
 Thro her whole person still will neatness reign.
 No soil, or stain will beauty's temple know,
 While gentle rains shall fall, or rivers flow.
 Counsell'd by wisdom, she will ever bring
 Her choice cosmetic from the bubbling spring.
 Whence bards the birth of beauty's queen disclose;
 'Twas from the silver flood that VENUS rose.

ALL cheats of art reject with fierce disdain,
 No curd'd rouge thy tender cheek must stain.
 No hot Arabian drug infect thy breath;
 Deceit revealed to love is certain death.
 Flee garlick, nuisance of *Iberia's* plains,
 By HORACE curst in everlasting strains,*
 Mustard, on which th' unwary feeder raves;
 Onions and leeks, the food of Hebrew slaves.
 Flee vicious viands, which infect thy sighs,
 And from thy side bid loathing suitors rise—
 Th' abandoned romp, the wife of half a town,
 Swears she will not in pinching stays be bound:

* HORACE Epod.—Ode III. Garlick, and all its kindred
 vegetables, infect not only the breath, but the perspiration—An-
 tiently they were not tho't fit for persons of genteel employment
 or delicate constitutions—CERVANTES by reproach represents SAN-
 CHO as a *garlick-eating rustic*—and burlesques DULCINEA by saying
 “that she gave her visitant a whiff of garlick.”

A dress curtailed, and bosom wide displayed
Denote the misery of a failing maid.
But, tutored by a tender parent's care,
And kept by pride from the lascivious snare,
The maid, who honor seeks, must never swerve
From rules of decency and just reserve.
In monstrous gear of ribbons, plumes and lace,
Or tresses falling o'er a maudlin face,
By feet ill guarded, or large bosom bare,
Or any wanton meretricious air.
Rich be thy dress, in decent guise and clean,
Even such as might besit a modest Queen.
To fashion's verge no prudent maid will dress;
Nor like the maidens of good old Queen Bess.
But form her garb, those wide extremes between;
Tho' *a-la-mode*—yet in a decent mien.—
O'er all thy proud attire let taste preside,
Thy shape, complexion, and thy stature, tried,
And suited to thy garb—Deep, dismal blue
Becomes alone the melancholy crew;
Emblem of plagues, the worst which heaven hath sent,
Of cankered care, and gloomy discontent.
The flaming red denotes a callous mind;
Too harsh for Love, or sentiment refined.
The glaring yellow is a vulgar dress,
Which never can a generous mind express:

Nor any colors in extreme, are right;
 But nature's two extremes—the black and white.
 The softer shades define the wearer's taste,
 With judging eye, and nice refinement blest.
 The short, on towering buskins, raised, appear
 Majestic, and their port our hearts revere.
 The small are better by a fuller dress:
 The thick, by drapery light, their taste express.
 The tall need only take th' advantage given,
 Of noble stature, by indulgent heaven;
 Nor in their line-striped garb, or pendant sack—
 Giants appear with monstrous length of back.

NOT dress nor beauty, nor thy virtue known,
 Will for the want of social gifts atone:
 This then I say—and will repeat again—
 Learn easy conversation with the men;
 Nor from their fair approaches start with fear,
 As lambs from wolves, who tender flocks will tear;
 Nor bold and saucy say and do at ease,
 What comes out uppermost, or what you please;
 But in the colloquy of suitors, be,
 Tho guarded, social, and tho decent, free.
 Refuse not varied speech with men of sense,
 Tho to thy charms they never make pretence.
 Admit the little gallantries, that show

Respect, and from a sense of beauty flow.
 The light attentions, and caresses paid
 By men, are often useful to a maid.
 They gently charm the heart, reform the prude,
 Make women social, and from social, good ;
 Teach them to govern well an amorous heart,
 That from sage virtue's laws it never part.
 The rudest nymphs from these have grown polite :
 'Tis man's sole power to set a woman right ;
 Divest her of uncouth and barbarous airs ;
 As, by your leave, my varied verse declares.

WHERE proud *Euphrates* waters eastern plains,
 And one vast ruin *Babylon* remains ;
 A shepherd led his flock the streams along,
 And charmed the willow-groves with rural song.
 His youthful form, indeed too heavenly fair,
 Vext the *Chaldean* nymphs with anxious care :
 But, careless of their loves, the fleecy train,
 More than the favoring nymphs, had made him vain.

IT chanced as oft he sung his rural theme,
 Beneath a beech whose boughs o'erhung the stream,
 A female *Satyr* danced the banks along,
 Skulked in the shrubs, and listened to his song.
 Full many a time he saw the *Sylvan* wild,

List'ning his varied notes, with aspect mild;
 Oft gently he approached, to win her stay;
 But sudden to the groves she flew away.
 Yet still to see and hear she took delight;
 And near divested of her savage spite.
 At distance watched his flocks, by night and day,
 With studious care, and kept the wolves at bay.
 His curious mind much wondering at the beast—
 A purpose rose in his reflecting breast;
 That could he tame the Sylvan savage, she
 An animal of use and worth might be:
 More faithful than the dogs his flocks to keep,
 To guard the tender lambs while he might sleep.

THEN of the fairest fruits of *Eden's* groves,
 Which shepherds oft presented to their loves,
 He culled a plenteous store; and when his song
 To listen drew the animal along,
 He laid the tempting bait upon the ground,
 And back retired, till she the viands found.
 She with keen hunger ate the fruit amain;
 Returning he advanced to her again:
 Quick to the bushes many a time she flew,
 Yet still the tempting bait her fancy drew:
 Till various soothing efforts made her stay,
 Till from his hand she plucked a branch away,
 In cheerful gambols pleased to round him play.

FROM thence the savage, who had fled before,
 His coaxing voice and fond caresses bore.
 Her coarse rough paw pressed softly in his hand,
 And on her feet erect, he made her stand.
 Much he her furry ears and neck caressed,
 And stroked with gentle hand her shaggy vest.
 Soon the fierce animal to fondness moved,
 As much as brute could love, her master loved.
 Unwearied all the day she watched his sleep:
 And at his feet, while he enjoyed his sleep,
 She kept the guard by night. Her service moved,
 Her, as an useful animal he loved.
 He fed her from his hand with viands sweet,
 Such as himself did not disdain to eat.
 And now the animal completely tame
 He named. * FIDELIA was her pretty name.
 If e'er he called FIDELIA, swift she sprung—
 FIDELIA danced, whene'er the shepherd sung.
 More frequently with her he fondly played,
 Caressed and flattered her beneath the shade.
 Oft called FIDELIA, who would promptly stand,
 Or fly to execute her lord's command;

* If any critic object that a *Chaldee* shepherd should
 give his *Ape* a Latin name—Let him suppose her original name
 —SEMIMA, AJIRA, or AMYMTA, or any *Chaldee* word which sig-
 nifies much the same as FIDELIA.

And when he sung would fondly listening lie,
 While the soft tear distilled from either eye.
 Then, marvellous to tell, yet wondrous true,
 Her changing form th' astonish shepherd knew ;
 By gradual advance as he caress'd,
 A woman's lovely shape and mien express'd.
 Her paw became a hand genteel and fair,
 Her claws thin nails transparent, white and clear :
 Her savage features softened to the grace
 Of CLIO's or ERATO's lovely face :
 Her tuneful voice, no more a savage scream,
 Chanted sweet notes along Euphrates' stream :
 Her downy fur became a soft, white skin ;
 Her shaggy vest a drapery light and thin.
 No more a brutal savage of the wood,
 But fairest of the brightest fair she stood.
 With gentle manners and with sense refined,
 Her lovely form declared a lovelier mind.

EXCEPT a modest wildness in her eye ;
 A coy reserve, which often made her fly
 Too rude a touch—or, in the mazy dance,
 With sprightly steps unusual to advance ;
 No more a trace of Sylvan life remained ;
 No more of savage manners she retained.
 Th' astonished shepherd prized her heavenly charms ;

And wedded love consigned her to his arms.
 Thus good instructions, joined with gentle love,
 The wildest, coarsest genius may improve ;
 May change rough sylvan maids to gentlest dames ;
 For love with truth the hardiest temper tames :
 And they, who dare the muse's song deny,
 To know the truth of facts,—need only try.

THUS sung the muse, I caught the generous
 strain,

Whence maidens learn their noblest views to gain,
 'Tis wisdom opens every store of bliss ;
 Who chuse her counsels cannot chuse amiss.
 The glorious sun is, while the seasons roll,
 Of numerous worlds the centre and the soul ;
 Gives life throughout the universal frame,
 Till time and dying seasons lose their name.
 Thus fair Philosophy, by heaven designed
 The guide and consolation of mankind,
 Embraces all their int'rests, teaches all ;
 A friend at hand, and ready at their call.
 Yet for a moment, heavenly guide, adieu,
 We rest—and then—our darling theme pursue.

Thus the personal and external accomplishments are—
 reading, pronunciation, writing, music, dancing, ceremony, del-

icacy of speech, good breeding, neatness of person, avoidance of
base arts, and delicacy of person, taste in dress, easy mode of con-
versing with men, &c.



THE LADIES'
PHILOSOPHY OF LOVE.

Canto III.

OF DISCERNING MEN'S CHARACTERS AND THE MEANS
OF FIXING ATTACHMENTS.

NEXT how the maid, unerringly, may learn
From complaisance true passion to discern,
The Muse shall sing. And know the fribbler * smooth,
Who'll for amusement oft your fancy soothe,
By unimpassioned flattery strives to please,
And ev'n his sighs bespeak a heart at ease;
Embraces strongly with a cheek that's cold,
And tells his tale with front assured and bold.

THE swain who can thy present beauties see,
Calm and serene, but little cares for thee.

* A fribbler, according to ADDISON, is a man, who practices the forms of courtship to a Lady, without any real design of marrying her; either for the gratification of his vanity, or for mere amusement.

Thy fond credulity may soothe his pride ;
Or victories from thy weakness be supplied ;
Thus he may ply thee with deceitful arts,
Too often fatal to unguarded hearts—
Soon shall he fly. In vain thou seek relief,
Consigned to all the agonies of grief.

HE whom the power of real love doth seize,
From judgment, taste, caprice, or what you please,
(Let snarling critics cavil for the cause,
The passion has its symptoms and its laws)
No more his calm philosophy retains,
While the soft fever thrills thro all his veins :
His features will his keen emotions show,
His fragrant breath like May-born zephyrs glow :
The generous ardor lightens from his eyes,
Or heaves his breast in lengthened, tender sighs.
And here the wary maid must not mistake—
The lover's ardor differs from the rake.
The rake is ardent ; but he seeks thy bane,
And will thy person's sacred rights profane :
The lover's ardent, but is checked by fear ;
He seeks thy good, and will thy rights revere.
Love from the half-told tale his thought recalls,
And from his lips the word unfinished falls,
His softened voice, to passion tuned, declares
It true, and in his gesture, languid airs,

The heart, and pulse's quick, impetuous beat,
 The palms, the cheek inflamed with generous heat.
 In gay assemblies, winged by tender care,
 He seeks the bosom of his distant fair.
 To all about him senseless, deaf and blind,
 Enjoys the fond ideas in his mind :
 Or, while she's present, often is surprized,
 Devouring all her charms with eager eyes.
 To her his thoughts direct and central move,
 His total aspect softened is by love.
 If generous hope inspires him, bright and clear,
 But pale and gloomy, if overcast by fear—

Ah! heedless girl, how canst thou, cruel, flight
 A worthy swain and drive him from thy sight ?
 No wild caprice more darkens with disgrace
 The else bright honors of the female race,
 Than their aversion to the modest swain,
 And love of impudence and foppery vain.
 Hence all the perjuries to ill-fated maids,
 And ruined virgins saddening all our shades.
 For pitying VENUS, hearing DAMON's pain,
 Exerts her vengeance on CLARINDA vain ;
 Then she the most deserving swain rejects,
 And loves the meanest rake of all the sex.

Prudent AMANDA, tho thy lover seem
 Uncouth and awkward, as young flirts may deem,

Perhaps his passion disconcerts him quite,
 And hides his shining merit from thy sight.
 Consult thy brother, or thy well-proved friend;
 What you despise, he, generous, will commend.
 The arts of treachery subtlest maids perplex;
 Men know th' essential virtues of their sex.
 Wouldst thou define his merit and his love,
 From thy sweet aspect all disdain remove.
 Deign but to smile, see, with the banished frown,
 From thy true lover vanishes the clown.
 See merit shines in hope's all cheering light,
 Th' embarrassed aspect grows serene and bright.
 Blush then for the delusion of thine eyes;
 Untaught to value such a golden prize.

THE swain, who seeks thy charms with real love,
 From his address all roughness will remove,
 Thou must be sure angelic or divine;*
 With fearful worship will approach thy shrine,

* The meaning of this passage is not that the sincere lover deals in gross flattery; calling his mistress an angel or a goddess; but that he has a most profound respect and veneration for her, tho his reason tells him she is mortal—yet his imagination paints her above the common standard of human nature—This respect is inseparable from genuine love, ANDROMACHE tho't HECTOR a man like the Gods; but HELEN scorned her husband's character, tho she loved his person.

Tender, respectful even to excess,
His inmost soul oft suffers keen distress.
Turns pale and trembles, ev'n while hope inspires,
Lest thou deny what most his soul desires.
He loves thy parents' kindred, and will see,
In them, some blest similitude of thee.
Base art his generous temper will despise ;
He seeks their friendship ; never shuns their eyes.
Neat in his dress, he ever strives to please —
In words and deeds seeks elegance and ease ;
And ev'n while yet his heart may be deceived,
Wishes his bold success may be believed.
Never disclaims thy name by coward lies,
Or soft sensations of his heart denies.
'Mongst choicest friends with thee delights t' appear,
Their approbation seeks with heart sincere ;
Of every grace if thou have plenteous store,
He still desires that thou be gaining more ;
And still will seek the means that thou improve ;
That bright perfection may reward his love.
His warm ambition more refines his soul ;
Soft human feelings all his powers control.
Active in business, wishes to maintain
The gentle spouse, whom soon he hopes to gain.
He not disowns his choice, but thinks his love
So well directed, others must approve.
He will not hurt her interest, nor expose

His foul's delight to infamy or woes.
 Her sense of piety will not destroy;
 Nor hurt her morals to enhance his joy.
 Right well his honest, fair intents are known;
 By clearest proof his love is amply shown.
 The generous passion will itself display—
 'Tis meanness only hides, and shuns the day.*
 When once 'tis gained, then how to fix the flame,
 Demands immediately thy studious aim.
 Be thou th' example of a constant love;
 And seldom the enamored youth will rove.
 Let not a fop high-flattering gain thine ear;
 Or public freedoms wake thy lover's fear.

* An antient fragment, supposed of THEOPHRASTUS, gives the character of an honest lover as follows—"1st. He will be ardent in his address; and afraid of rivals. 2d. He will always treat his mistress with the greatest respect and tenderness—3d. He will always show a fondness for her relations; treat them respectfully; and never hide himself from them—4th. He will be delicate in his modes of address to her.—5th. He will seek the means of her improvement. 6th. He will not weaken, but cherish her sentiments of piety and good morals—7th. He will not cowardly disown her, but be proud of his connection with her—8th. He will love to appear with her in the best of company—9th. He will be more active in business and elegant in dress and manners, on her account—10th. He will be ambitious of every thing which will please—and seek the means by which he may be able to live with her."

The noisy flirt, who rambles up and down,
 Jilts, and coquettes it over all the town;
 Quenches the movements of a generous heart;
 Bids worthy swains, in self defence, desert;
 Defeats her Lover at th' appointed hour;
 And oft torments his heart, to show her power;
 May draw around her, while her charms remain,
 Of tinsel, fluttering fops an idle train.
 When time shall sear her charms with horrid frost:
 All fly; nay ev'n the fluttering tribes are lost:
 Where now those charms which set the world on
 fire?

The torch of universal mad desire.
 Where the gay phantom, fluttering up and down,
 Killing at random half the youth in town?
 Exulting sufferers view the awful change;
 And bless the Gods, whose justice can avenge.
 Now by the fretting, lean, perverse old maid,
 Th' enormous debt of injured love is paid:
 To some grim widower, in despair, she flies;
 Or curst in virgin solitude she dies.

THE fair ALMIRA, in her youthful days,
 Warmed every heart, from every tongue had praise.
 The youth around her swarmed with ardent vows;

And each, to please, his utmost genius shows.
 The worthy came, the worthless and the vain;
 Unnumbered slaves collected in her train.
 On all alike her fierce contempt she threw—
 Thousands advanced—Her eyes those thousands flew.
 Three worthiest swains successive tried their art,
 But never touched a fibre of her heart.
 “Mere scum of earth, what clods! how can it be?
 Such miscreants ever make pretence to me!
 The richest, wisest, best, alone can prove
 The matchless blessings of ALMIRA’S love.”

BUT time at length began to thin the swarm,
 Less numerous were her train, their vows less warm,
 Yet still her pride, and fierce contempt, remained;
 Not one, at last, the blest consent obtained;
 But years flew off, as fast as time could fly,
 The dreaded date of thirty now was nigh.
 Her train was lessening still, till all were gone,
 She looked, alas! and every bird was flown.

HER heart resistless grief and frenzy tore;
 Her eyes a torrent in her bosom pour.
 “And must I then renounce the joys of love;
 Nor tender bliss of wedded bosoms prove?
 From social scenes and dire contempt must fly,
 And in cold solitude alas! must die?”

Forbid it, Heaven! ALMIRA yet has arts;
And still shall find a passage to their hearts."

NOW doth her soul with rage of wedlock burn,
The men, who courted once, she courts in turn.
No conquest makes. But one her arts can take,
And he a spendthrift, and a worthless rake.
Of future marriage he a promise gives,
And from the maid a prompt consent receives.

NOW lost to sense of worth and future shame,
With a knave's promise to secure her fame,
She lives in lavish luxury awhile,
And joyous days a sense of guilt beguile.
Yet soon the hour of punishment ensues;
Her lover means his contract to refuse.
Ah where, ALMIRA, canst thou hide thy shame,
How shun the terrors of a blasted name?
Forlorn, distracted, she essays to roam,
And secret leaves her friends and sacred home.
In unknown regions she assumes a place,
To hide herself, and bury her disgrace.
In her retreat, the hour, which women fear,
Remote from friends, remote from all that's dear,
O'ertakes her guilt—No comfort to assuage
Her poignant grief. The fever's subtle rage,

Infused thro' every aching nerve and vein,
Succeeds to floods of grief, and careless pain,

NOW did her heart th' extreme of grief de-
cry ;

Her lover leaves her to repent and die.
Beneath the turf is laid her weary head ;
And a sweet infant mourns ALMIRA dead.—

LEARN hence, AMANDA, youth is precious
time.

The flower is sweetest in its early prime—
Improve thy brilliant days, they will not stay,
Nor in December seek the rose of May—
But if the youth to ramble might incline,
The muse instructs thee how to fix him thine,
“In men we various ruling passions find.”
Those clues, once gained, secure the changeful mind.
STREPHON that woman loves, while I love this ;
This suits my ruling passion, and that his.
The lass to him an angel is to me ;
Both pleased and happy to the last degree.

WHAT is his ruling passion then ? 'Tis
show—

Then let thy dress with gayest colours glow.—

The eye, thus lured will to its bate return,
 And with fresh fuel love afresh shall burn,
 Is he allured by elegance and ease ;
 Neatness, with rich simplicity, shall please.
 His taste is delicate, then gain his mind,
 By nice reserve, and sentiments refined.
 The sprightly youth abhors the face of care,
 Meet his attentions with a sprightly air.
 If music cheers him, then apply thine art,
 To touch the tenderest fibre of his heart.
 If study does his busy mind engage,
 Then let him guide thee in the lettered page,
 And hear him patient, in his varied chat,
 Explain the sense of this, and cause of that.
 Is he a poet, then commend his lays ;
 The bard is caught if you can only praise :
 Be ever sure to keep at hand a sprig
 Of laurel bough, to fasten on his wig.

THE careless girl, who, when her swain is
 kind,
 Gives all her cares and efforts to the wind ;
 Grows heedless of her person and her mind ;
 Oft in less decent dishabille is seen ;
 To flirting and rude airs resigns her soul ;
 While ease and indolence her powers control ;

Shall find her lover filled with keen disgust :
 Say does he wrong to leave her ? for he must—
 Thro life who suffers what he must despise,
 Is ev'n a sinner punished ere he dies.

THE miser's heart is hid in heaps of gold,
 He still loves heaping up, tho failed and old :
 Preserving safe from harm his plenteous store ;
 And still, while life remains, is gaining more.
 Tho thirst of gold may our derision move,
 Avarice is woman's saving grace in love :
 In this blest treasure there is no excess,
 But wretched is the maid who makes it less—

THE youth will not desert thee, if he find
 New powers, new graces, rising in the mind.
 Study the graces, then, with ceaseless art ;
 Still let new virtues flourish in thy heart.
 Of new and old bring forth the boundless store,
 While heaven's unfailing fountain gives thee more.
 Still towards perfection if thy wishes rise,
 Thou shalt not linger till thou reach the skies,
 Will glowing saints from heavenly bliss remove ?
 As soon thy swain shall wander from his love.
 Be this thy study, then, while life remains,
 T' increase his real joys, to banish pains.

In cares perplex his generous heart to cheer,
And with his sorrows mix a tender tear.
Thro life, the unremitted wish to please,
Shall every worthy object gain with ease.

IF on thy favored friend kind fortune pour
Her gifts unbounded in a golden shower ;
Nor gold, nor equipage, nor wealth, despise,
But to thy lover's bright ideas rise.
Seek wealth, seek pomp, even all the splendid train,
Which may surprize th' unknowing and the vain ;
Tho thy good sense external pomp despise,
Thy wiser aims to better pleasures rise :
Yet still be suited to his destined lot ;
Be that a church, a palace, or a cot.
Be once the cares of pinching want aside,
The decencies of life alone supplied,
Thy outward state but little mars or mends,
True love forever on itself depends.
If neither birth nor fortune make thee great,
Yet place thee decent in a middle state,
Nought let it grieve thee, there still love remains,
Source of our joys and soother of our pains.
Bend all thy cares t' attach the generous heart,
That from thy side it never wish to part.

Seek each allurements wisdom can devise,
Or tender love with charming art supplies,

TEACH him, ere yet he quits the single life,
Some kind attention of a virtuous wife.
For his convenience, e'er so small, express
Concern, and be conductress of his dress.
Make him discern the elegant, the fair;
Some token of thy genius let him wear.
If ruffle handkerchief, or lace, be rent,
Keenly the rage of angry fate repent:
And let MINERVA'S steel, with touches true,
The injured bauble dextrously renew.
See his cockade does nicely fit his hat;
Or to his neck adjust the turned cravat.
If e'er his coat contract th' unseemly spot,
Take from the favorite garb the hated blot.
To his new suit annex thy flattery sweet—
"Sir I confess you look extremely neat—"
Dost know what dainties most regale his taste,
For him prepare the neat domestic feast,
Dost know what liquors animate his soul;
Studious prepare and consecrate the bowl.
Whate'er antipathies his soul dismay,
Secure each shocking object from his way.
To please his singularities, devise;

And with his humors wisely sympathize.
Thus, firmly bound to thee, shall he remain,
And with keen transports blest th' eternal chain.

The means by which attachments are preserved are, 1st, constancy ; 2d, rational treatment ; 3d, complying with the ruling passion ; 4th, preserving lovers' respects ; 5th, improvement in virtue, knowledge, politeness &c. 6th, sympathy in joy and sorrow ; 7th ; accommodation to fortune, or profession of the favored party, 8th, kind attentions ; and these, practised upon studiously, will, in almost every instance, be found sufficient.



THE LADIES'
PHILOSOPHY OF LOVE.

Canto IV.

ON THE MEANS OF SECURING REPUTATION ; WITH
ENCOMIUMS ON WOMEN—MARRIAGE—AMERICAN
TREATMENT, AND EDUCATION OF WOMEN—
WITH THE CONCLUSION OF THE POEM.

WOULDST thou deserve an honorable
name,
Indulge no base, dishonorable flame.
Know all of every man, which thou canst know,
Ere thou on him thy confidence bestow.
Good sense, fine temper, blameless morals, are
The guiding stars to every prudent fair :
Who have not these thou must not marry—No,
Nor ev'n on such a conference bestow,
For purposes of love. Guard well thy fame—
A woman's life depends on her good name.

NOR, like a thief, who seeks the gloomy night,
 Seclude thy favored lover from the light :
 Clandestine love thy parents' trust destroys,
 And bids them dread a wanton, worthless choice :
 But should bright merit importune thy love,
 Thy friends observing shall thy choice approve.
 And let them, viewing near the favored swain,
 Of indiscretion, if they can, complain.
 From loveless fribblers hence shall spring relief,
 Nor rakes consign thee to eternal grief—

VILE rakes, relentless tygers to the fair,
 How to escape the muse shall next declare.
 The rake with serious aspect may appear,
 Like that which true and honest lovers wear :
 With warm address, as warmest swains, can be,
 But with the love of his dear self—not thee—
 He knows no tender thought, sensation kind,
 Chaste joy, or finer movement of the mind ;
 Coarse, transient, brutal, all his pleasures are,
 And all he aims at—to seduce the fair—
 Then leave them helpless, endless days to mourn ;
 Nor oaths nor conscience force him to return.

THINK not of heaven that he unpunished lives ;
 Great griefs he causes, greater pains receives.

His youth is spent in crimes ; his latter age
 Feels all the force of guilt's vindictive rage.
 No trusting spouse shall heartfelt joys inspire :
 No infant on his knees shall call him fire :
 No faithful friend shall guard his sickly bed :
 No tender wife support his throbbing head :
 No dutious children shall about him stand ;
 Ambitious to perform a fire's command :
 But friendless, joyless, still of vice the slave,
 Shall never quit his sins, but in his grave.
 Frequent is hurried to the vile domain,
 Where vice unblushing holds her lavish reign ;
 There, robbed and beaten, penniless shall mourn,
 And frequent, scarce escaping death, return :
 Till odious grown to all, he shall become,
 In his midday, the envy of the tomb.
 His flesh consumes ; his spirits sink to death ;
 No ray of hope shall ease his latest breath ;
 No faith in grace divine shall prove his stay ;
 No penitence shall wash his guilt away :
 Him in the face his crimes, like furies, stare ;
 And down he dives to darkness and despair.—

KNOW then, no swain, who, for his own de-
 light,
 Bids thee the paths of sacred honor flight ;

Who, for mere dreams of bliss, would thee expose
 To infamy, to pain, to lasting woes ;
 Cares aught for thee—His base and sordid mind,
 To cruel, vicious deeds alone inclined,
 As ravening wolves the tender lambs destroy,
 Seeks, in thy ruin, a detested joy.
 The object sought, th' intention must define ;
 Who can be faithful in a bad design ?

NOT so the youth, who loves thee ; all his
 aim
 But tends to bless the object of his flame ;
 Asks not to yield thy safety to his own ;
 Nor would be happy for himself alone.
 Ev'n as the florist, wandering thro the dale,
 With joy beholds the lily of the vale ;
 With careful hand he rears its tender head :
 Preserves, and soon transplants it to his bed.

THE cruel villain, on thy ruin bent,
 Still ever keeps in view the main event ;
 At first assails thy heart with rankest praise ;
 Will to the skies thy matchless merit raise ;
 Swears death and hell attend upon thy frown,
 And that thy smiles with heaven his love might
 crown.

Tho he may feign and move the tender tear;
 In nothing decent can he persevere.
 Like one, with wine inflamed, he rudely raves,
 Presumptuous speaks, and insolent behaves:
 His coarse address no decent nymph can bear;
 For more he dares than honest mortals dare.
 So plain is impudence, in proper shape,
 The maid is safe, who wishes to escape.

WHO thus with fury maiden honor storms,
 The trumpet sounds, which virtue soon alarms;
 And maids, without the noblest palm of sense,
 'Gainst such attacks will make a sure defence.
 Do not on wisdom, or on strength depend;
 Think not that duty will assistance lend:
 No woman fights to conquer, but to die—
 The certain victory is alone—to fly.

ON treacherous arts another sect refines;
 And all your virtue sily undermines;
 Laments the slavish state of woman kind,
 By men to servile offices confined;
 Offers, if you will lend a patient ear,
 Of such inhuman toils to set you clear;
 Pretends that virtue's nothing but a jest,
 The homespun whimsey of some crack-brained priest;

That only joy befits us here below :
 And all our knowledge—pleasure is to know—
 Will he, of merciful who bears the name,
 Exert his vengeance on soft woman's frame ?
 No, faith the traitor, age is creeping on ;
 Pluck the fresh blossom, ere the spring be gone.
 Fine rhetoric ! yet 'tis true as 'twas before,
 If woman falls—she falls to rise no more—
 Fly, prudent maid, or know, by endless cost,
 "The woman, who deliberates is lost."
 Fly such a lecturer, if thou know his tongue
 Be with fraud, treachery and malice, hung ;
 His fancies wild as madness e'er conceived :
 Yet what is wished is easily believed.
 By lies a simple maid is soon undone,
 When once by love her easy heart is won.
 When pleasure copious on the fancy pours,
 Dangers lie hid among the fairest flowers.
 When gayest thou in splendid balls shalt shine,
 Dread the rich nectar of the Gallic vine :
 Jealous apply all liquors, which contain
 A power to agitate the reasoning brain.
 Dread him who plies thee, with incessant art,
 By mirth and dances aims to move thy heart ;
 Observes the lightning of thine ardent eyes ;
 And to thy lips the frequent glass applies :

The subtle juice insinuates thro thy frame;
 Tremble thy nerves, thy fancy is on flame:
 He marks the curious moment, and retires—
 Virtue, alas! how soon thy power expires!

WHO with the power of wealth would thee
 befriend,
 Know for what cause precisely, and what end.
 From one man never frequent gifts receive,
 Lest he a SERPENT prove, and thou an EVE.
 Almighty JOVE, as ancient bards have told,
 Rained into DANAE'S lap a shower of gold:
 From whence our highborn rakes assume the hint,
 To draw their means of conquest from the mint.
 Gold conquers every mercenary maid,
 Whom infamy involves in endless shade.—

MORE dangerous he, who chastity affects,
 And praises much the virtues of thy sex;
 Gives modesty the palm, which is its due,
 And fly insinuates, it belongs to you:
 Against betrayers of their faith inveighs,
 And his own hatred of each vice displays:
 Yet tempts thee to the distant grove or field;
 Thou, unsuspecting his design, mayst yield;

Thro flowery meads to take thy devious way ;
 Full of the softness of all-cheering May.
 Fly, cautious maid, the dangerous field or grove,
 Or mourn too late thy ill-concerted love.
 When summer's twilight does the dale imbrown,
 Or spring bestows her lavish sweets around ;
 When the soft moonlight trembles thro the shade,
 Where falling roses form a fragrant bed ;
 Dare, on thy virtue's peril, to descend,
 But with thy brother or thy well-proved friend.
 Go, spread thy gold before a robber's den—
 In such a scene then trust deluding men.—

CHEERFUL the beauteous Lucy lived, and young ;
 Each morn and eve, like PHILOMELA, sung :
 Sequestered in a courteous farmer's shed ;
 The stratagems of love untaught to dread ;
 Simple her mind, as that of female dove ;
 Each nerve attuned to sympathies of love.
 A courtly swain did near her cottage stray ;
 Heard her sweet song, and marked her for his prey.
 With fevered zeal he fought the lovely maid ;
 Yet, of her spotless innocence afraid ;
 Addressed her in the stile of ardent love ;
 She unsuspecting did his flame approve :
 Reclined, sweet dove ! she sighed upon his breast,

And viewed with raptures all his splendid dress ;
 Traced courtly charms, which in his features shown,
 And marked the shining prize as all her own.
 The courtier's flame was rumored far and near ;
 And all who heard believed his love sincere.

TO his nigh gardens he would oft repair ;
 In a small lodge caress his LUCY there.
 His servant present, as a shepherd dressed,
 Left anxious tho'ts should rise in LUCY's breast.
 At length appeared the inauspicious day,
 When to the haunt of love she traced her way.
 Sudden, before her unpresaging eyes,
 A lowering storm enveloped all the skies :
 Still to the cottage love directs her pace,
 Tho livid lightnings flashed before her face,
 Descending flames tall oaks in fragments tore,
 And, ere she met FLORELLO, gushed the shower :
 Then how surprized ! to find the shepherd gone,
 And on their well known seat FLORELLO thrown
 Asleep ; with tender look the youth she spies,
 And draws her handkerchief athwart his eyes.
 He starts, he wakes, he views the panting maid—
 And, tho all heaven was thundering o'er his head,
 Tho wide the groves by winds impetuous shaken,
 Tho all the earth with peals redoubled quaked :

Yet did his daring soul relentless form,
 A plot more dreadful than th' impending storm;
 By force fair Lucy's virtue to subdue:
 Too plain his base intent appeared in view.
 "O save me heaven!" exclaimed th' affrighted maid,
 And instant lightening struck the villain dead.

BE all your friends, your firm associates, tried,
 Nor rashly in a human heart confide;
 Nor with an unknown vagrant dare to roam,
 Nor unprotected from thy sacred home:
 Lest he convey thee to the lewd domain,
 Where vice unblushing holds her lavish reign:
 Lest influence reach thee from associates vile;
 Lest wanton scenes thy youthful sense beguile.
 Who comes unblemished from abodes impure?
 Who 'scapes unspotted from a harlot's door?

NOR fear th' event, if e'er thy heedless swain
 Of female pride and cruelty complain,
 Or breathe his passion in the tenderest sighs,
 Or rain the copious flood from longing eyes.
 Tho wild his throbbing heart thy bosom meet,
 And prostrate in the dust he kifs thy feet;
 Tho every word and every act explain
 A bosom tortured by Love's keenest pain;

Altho he swear, he will forever fly,
 If thou his present dangerous suit deny ;
 Remain unmoved, and sacred be thy charms,
 Till holiest laws shall bind him in thine arms.
 Fear not the silly youth will take offence
 At thy firm worth and spotless innocence.
 Know that the path of virtue is direct,
 T' increase his love, and gain his high respect.
 Hence the good husband, till life's latest year,
 Thy prudence firm, in raptures shall revere :
 Hence the delighted wife shall hear her praise,
 Of spotless chastity in maiden days ;
 Hence rise esteem, which no cold medium knows,
 Hence shall his honor safe in thee repose.—

ESTEEM the youth, whose views direct and
 kind,

Explain the dictates of an honest mind :
 Who courts thee for the happiness of Love,
 And would the spotless joys of Hymen prove.—
 Secure thine honor first ; then guard thy charms,
 And shield thee ever with protecting arms :
 Who not thy soul with views chimeric fires ;
 But dares avow his decent, just desires.
 The fly Platonic fear, who talks of love,
 Refined from sense and pure as joys above.

Love without interest, which has no view,
 No object—yet is ever firm and true;
 Which has its influence only on the mind,
 And purely is, from moral motives, kind.
 Such love may fordid views of passion shade;
 Such love was for the sexes never made:
 And he who talks of passion, more refined
 Than heaven's just standard fixt for human kind,
 Will only lay thy guard asleep—and then,
 Prove less a demigod than other men.—

NOR fear him less, who by the spirit moves,
 And brings religion to support his loves;
 Pursues the path, by old enthusiasts trod,
 And courts thee for the sake of CHRIST and GOD,
 Worship th' ETERNAL POWER, and him alone,
 Revere the word of spotless MARY'S Son.
 Let fervent piety thy heart control;
 And seek the precious safety of thy soul.
 Yet let thy Love with human views proceed;
 And marriage sanctify each amorous deed.
 Nor let enthusiasts, or Platonics, gain
 Too liberal converse, by their phantoms vain.
 When once the tender lamb is in his power,
 What hungry wolf will scruple to devour?

AND cautious shun the wretch, who brings
the page,

Of wanton wit, thy virtue to assuage:
Who, by the silent aid of books, would gain
What undisguised he would attempt in vain:
Pollute thy mind by sentiment; then chuse,
How he a vile corrupted heart may use.
Reject the novel base, the verses smoothe,
Which conscience would to dying slumbers soothe,
What once offends thy modest sense deny
The silent notice of thy curious eye.
Abhor vile speculation. Let the flame
Consume vindictive every page of shame,
Last stratagem of all the faithless race,
The female heart's unparalleled disgrace,
The snare, of which fond maids are least in fear,
Is—when the lover swears he is sincere.
Impatient grown of rapture's long delay,
Faithful, and anxious for the nuptial day,
In which you must by Hymen's laws be joined
In firm alliance—not by him designed.
To wild delusions now your fancy wrought,
When dreams of joy rise brilliant to your thought,
He whispers, "we are one," the day designed,
No rage of fate can ever change my mind.

But should we wait, ere we may see that day,
 What store of precious moments thrown away.
 'Tis not the coarser tie of law, that binds
 The lawful marriage of enamored minds :
 When mutually the melting heart is given,
 We're noted married in the book of heaven.
 All else is finless then. The book and priest,
 And witnesses, a mummary and a jest,
 Which may some idle future hour employ,
 Emboldened by a present scene of joy."

Tho human wit may dazzling bright appear,
 Is the conclusion just, or reasoning clear?
 Say will thy creditor, who knows his day,
 Take unsecured thy promise for his pay?
 Ah, heedless maid, dread the enchanting tongue
 By flowers of smoothe deceit and flattery hung;
 The private contract, woman's lasting shame,
 The prudent maid will tremble at the name.
 Go, count the sands on the Atlantic shore,
 Count maids, their infamy who ceaseless bore.
 Scarce one thro life, who suffers unrelieved,
 But by th' unwitnessed contract was deceived.
 By faith clandestine, oft does RANGER boast,
 How eas'ly he subdues some favorite toast,
 And Hymen oft condemns to lasting pain
 The nymphs who dare his sacred rites prophane.

The satiate lover finds his passion fled,
 His fancies of her worth and virtue dead—
 Jealous lest she his honor should betray,
 Who cast her shield of innocence away;
 No more the blameless bed his fancy fires;
 No more the sacred union he desires.*

POOR, lost, abandoned, she must sue and pray,
 With flowing tears beseech the nuptial day,
 Instead of friend, and kindly treated wife,
 Become his slave thro every scene of life:
 Or with a heart, by piercing anguish torn,
 Behold him leave her with contempt and scorn.

* It is an interesting question to Women, how far a private, unwitnessed contract, between a man and woman, may be considered as a marriage—It is undoubtedly so far a marriage, that it binds the parties to treat each other well in a moral view, and keep their engagements—But, as they stand related to civil society, it certainly is no marriage: for marriage should convey to the woman—1st. Alimony, or maintenance out of her husband's estate, with right of dower, if he dies.—2d. Coverture, which implies protection and security for her person, property and character—3d. Legitimation, or a power of causing her children to be maintained out of their father's estate; and to inherit the same, in case of his death. Now it is certain that neither of these essential points can be conveyed by a private contract—which may be vacated by the death or removal

The neighbors heard, for who should dare deny
 The widow's call, or move the orphan's cry ?
 Baskets arrive ; crude, ripe, the spoiled and sound,
 From all the nearest cottages around.
 Now my dear children—you may have your fill,
 I stint you now no more, come eat at will.
 No more I regulate your fond desire :
 Eat as you will, and when you please retire.
 They, with voracious hunger, void of care,
 Eat without measure of the plenteous fare ;
 They ate promiscuously the bad, the good,
 The fig mature, the crabbed, sour, and crude.
 But soon dire sickness came from this excess,
 Which better medicine only could redress.
 And thus they found, transgressing reason's law,
 Figs were the vilest food they ever saw.
 A proverb rose from this domestic scene,
 "*Not worth a fig,*" expressing all that's mean.

LOVERS, to reason lost, to prudence blind,
 The scourge of their excesses soon shall find.
 Ev'n yet while dreams of bliss the soul employ,
 Shall dire remorse disturb the guilty joy :
 Furies with hissing snakes, shall haunt thy breast,
 And conscience' fangs disturb thy nightly rest.
 Lest loud LUCINA should thy deeds proclaim,

And scornful crowds insult thy ruined fame;
 No loves, no prayers avail, no weeping eyes;
 Thy Lover satiate from thy presence flies—
 The hapless villain, tortured on the wheel,
 Shall softer pains and gentler anguish feel,
 Than thou, when honor lost, and wounded pride,
 With sharpest pangs shall sting thy guilty side,
 Love's paradise shall vanish from thine eyes,
 And present hell in all its horrors rise—

FAR other scenes the lawful wife employ,
 Uncensured raptures of the purest joy.
 From low-born passions her fair breast refined,
 Pursues the dictates of the reasoning mind.
 Thro honor's path to HYMEN'S temple led,
 Deems with high reverence of the nuptial bed.
 Tho he his last and utmost wish obtain,
 She fills with warm respect her generous swain,
 His heart forebodes, thro every scene of life,
 His honor guarded by a prudent wife:
 Their honest hearts no sense of guilt annoys,
 Nor sin nor shame disturb their blameless joys.
 Their sum of bliss obtained is but begun,
 Still to increase till life's last setting sun.
 Still every day new charms arise to view:
 Still every hour is marked for virtues new.

In all the varied forms of household care,
The brilliant reign of every generous fair.

MEANTIME behold a sweet and sprightly race,
With female softness, or with manly grace,
Adorn their festive board. What pleasures rise ;
What tears of joy bedew parental eyes !
While the fond husband and the tender wife,
Observe their blossoms rising into life :
Boys, ardent, active, like the Lord of day ;
Girls, sweet and blooming as the flowers of May,

LO the young shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Protects them from the storms and frosty air :
At winter, when he toils thro winds and rain,
Soon his loved cottage meets his eyes again :
Whence the sweet infant his dear fire demands,
Hails him with lively notes and clapping hands :
Mean while her bosom warm, with sweet desire,
The tender wife new-burnishes the fire :
Brings, to relieve him, vestments dry and warm,
Applies soft words his saddened heart to charm.
The kind affection sweetest pleasures move,
As angels busy on commands of love ;
Prepares with speed the neat and wholesome meal,
Prepares the draught his senses to regale.—

Now climbs the little son to meet his face,
 And clasps his neck with strong and sweet embrace.
 Who can like them the sweets of virtue know?
 With blifs their melting hearts and eyes o'erflow.
 All day with varied joy each bosom glows,
 Till welcome night invites them to repose.

OR when the nation's justice calls to arms,
 He braves the iron-fields and war's alarms.
 Not to remain, for soon his heart shall burn
 For his fond spouse, who waits his blest return.
 The dame receives him from the dangerous fight,
 Crowned with fresh laurels and with glory bright.
 He tells what dangers for her sake he braved,
 How he the state, his wife and infants saved;
 What happy hours, what pleasures bought with fear,
 Regale her heart, what raptures most sincere.
 Those lips which spoke in terrors to the foe,
 Touched by her tender kisses sweetly glow.
 Those eyes which lightened thro the martial plain,
 Disarmed the foes and withered all their train,
 In mildest rays of love sincere confess,
 The softer movements of heroic breasts.
 The aspect, dreadful to the hostile band,
 To social hosts the angel of command,
 To her appears all gentle, soft, serene,

Emblem of raptures deeply felt within.
 The arm, which on his foes just vengeance hurled,
 Like Jove's dire bolt which shakes a guilty world,
 By love to infant tenderness unbraced,
 Folds soft his dear associate to his breast.
 The heart, in fields of death unknown to fear,
 Prompts the soft speech, and moves the tender tear.
 She, glorying in the pride of female charms,
 Smiles on the hero, captive in her arms.
 Or soon the infant train around him stands;
 They lift his armor with their little hands;
 On his proud epaulette with wonder gaze,
 And view the fludded blade with fixed amaze;
 His martial gait and splendid dress admire;
 Soon proud to share the glories of their fire.

MARRIAGE, to prudent maids a precious name,
 With every virtue fraught, and free from shame.
 Not formed to crush thee, to a tyrant's reign,
 But keep thy sacred honor free from stain.
 To you it gives the kind and gentle friend,
 To bless your hours till life itself shall end.
 Charmed with his person, and his converse sweet,
 Where noble sense with soft persuasion meet;
 The aspect mild, which full contentment brings,
 With soft caresses whence your pleasure springs.

With all that beauty, virtue, nature, give,
 For which alone the social mind would live :
 Which makes life's rugged passage smoothe and even,
 And forms the soul t' enjoy a better heaven.

COLUMBIA's fair—revere the sacred band,
 Whence come the blessings of your native land ;
 The virtuous source of every dear ally ;
 The sole support of every friendly tie—
 Whence parents, children, brothers, sisters, know
 Their kindred blood, and sweet affections grow :
 Whence heroes, poets, statesmen, patriots, rise,
 Whose glories fill the earth, and reach the skies.

AND why should man his softer self despise,
 Or hate the tender glance of trusting eyes ?
 Why leave the charms, to reason, virtue, dear,
 For harlots, joyless, loveless, insincere ?
 Who, ruined first by men, by heaven's just will,
 Become avengers, and their traitors kill.
 Why leave delights more pure than zephyr's breath,
 For dire remorse, for pale disease, and death ?
 Is this the homage to your reason due ?
 Deserves kind woman this contempt from you ?
 That to your vices she must be a slave,
 And by those vices find an odious grave.

LOOK round the world from whence the
rapid sun

Begins his course, to where his race is done,
From burning regions to each icy pole,
Where does not woman bear a courteous soul?
For weary travellers she rest prepares,
Relieves the exile from corroding cares;
Pities the son of danger and distress,
And anxious strives to make his sorrows less.
The kindest purposes her soul employ,
To bless her chosen friend, her dearest joy.
This lovely virtue of the sex you'll find
For all kind deeds to bear a grateful mind;
Illumine life's brighter scenes, and to impart
Fresh vital spirits to the fainting heart:
When all the thorns of varied business vex,
When all the assembled cares of life perplex;
The noblest of mankind her worth shall know,
T' unbend the brow of care, and ease his woe.
As poets tell from the incessant strife,
Of care and grief attending human life,
Heroes, reposing in Elysium, dwell
In roseate bowers, on beds of asphodel.
Happier the man from various toils to come,
And courts ambitious to his grateful home.

From wealth's hard chace and stormy power to rest,
And find a sweet repose on beauty's faithful breast.

COLUMBIA's fair—Your wrongs we trust shall
end;

Here man is your companion and your friend.
Bright wisdom's store is opened to your view :
Fair learning's treasures are disclosed to you.
Not like imposing MAHOMET's hopeless slave,
To live unlearned, and grope to find a grave.
'The joyless slave of tyrant pleasures made,
Confined and pining to the *Haram's* shade.
'The SEED of WOMAN is the woman's friend,
Asserts her rights and does her cause attend.
Commanding each disciple to refrain
From all abuse, and never to profane
Fair beauty's lovely temple, built for God,
Whose own good spirit loves the pure abode.
That every husband, thro each scene of life,
Even as himself should love his spotless wife.
While in our clime these generous maxims grow,
Let every maid her just importance know.
Blessed in her choice, not in her love controled,
Beloved with dignity, nor bribed, nor sold—
And who does not their noble sense approve,
In distant climates find a baser love.—

YE generous fair, avenge your sex's wrongs,
Heed not the smoothe deceit of wanton tongues,
Maintain to worth a well supported claim,
Or ne'er of virgins dare t' assume the name.
Let chastity sublimest reverence draw,
And dash the bold, lascivious wretch with awe.
Nor let, by private contract, RANGER boast,
How frequent he subdues some favorite toast.
How more your sex with slander to abuse,
At will a toast yet unsubdued may chuse.
While no base traitor dares approach your charms,
Be generous merit happy in your arms.
Let truth then speak, and be your sex confessed,
Of all God's works below, the fairest and the best.



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